You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what's harder:
His Iewiſh heart? therefore I do beſeech you
Make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniency
Let me haue iudgement, and the *Iew* his will.
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſixe.
Iew. If euery ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them, ſhall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands; you will anſwer,
The ſlaues are ours, ſo do I anſwer you;
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him,
Is deerely bought, tis mine and I will haue it:
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, ſhall I haue it?
Duke. Vpon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.
Saler. My Lord, heere ſtayes without,
A meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua.*
Duke. Bring vs the Letters, call the Meſſenger.
Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*, what man, courage yet:
The *Iew* ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,

Ere thou ſhalt lo
Antho. I am a
Meeteſt for deat
Drops earlieſt to
You cannot bett
Then to liue ſtill

Duke. Came yo
Ner. From bo
Baſſ. Why doſ
Iew. To cut th
Gra. Not on th
Thou mak'ſt thy
No, not the hang
Of thy ſharpe enu
Iew. No, none th
Gra. O be thou
And for thy life le
Thou almoſt mak
To hold opinion
That ſoules of An
Into the trunks o
Gouern'd a Wolf
Euen from the ga
And whilſt thou l
Infuſde it ſelfe in
Are woluiſh, bloo
Iew. Till thou ca
Thou but offendſt
Repaire thy wit, g
To cureleſſe ruine
Duke. This lett
A young and learn
Where is he?
Ner. He attend

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] THE BRITIS